

Four or Dead by G O A

Chapter 31

Emma...Two Years Ago...

My eyes shifted between the stranger and my father while my heart pounded violently in my chest. I had no idea who the guy was or why he was standing against my father but part of me was grateful. No one had stood up to my father like that and it felt nice for just a split second. He didn't even know my story but he could see I needed help and that was all he needed to want to help me.

My father let out a wicked laugh and moved closer to the man who was slowly moving to block my father from even looking at me.

"Move aside boy. You have no business here." My father growled out.

"From the looks of things it's you who isn't welcome, so you should be the one who's leaves." The stranger said towering over my father by at least a foot. (5)

My heart clenched tighter as I recognized the look in my father's eyes; I knew it well. He was livid and that always ended the same way...with me passed out on the floor bruised and beaten.

"I'll

say

this one more time before I show you to the door. Leave." My father said pushing the guy hard enough to make him stumble back a little.

I reached out and helped him steady himself but he continued to block me. As much as I wished he could stay so I didn't have to face my father alone, he needed to leave. I didn't want him to get hurt because of

"It's ok. Go." I whispered to him and he turned to me and gave me a stubborn look. I shook my head and told him to go and I thanked him.

He hesitated for a moment more before stepping up to my dad.

"Only a coward hurts a woman. You are nothing but a coward for hurting your daughter and if I have ever meet you again I will show you what a real beating is." The guy had guts that was for sure but I hoped to never see him again. That would mean he was safe.

If my father ever did see him, he would kill him without a thought. The moment the door to my room closed my father stalked toward me. He reached out slowly and brushed a thumb across my cheek in a way

that would seem gentle and sweet but only made me feel sick.

“Oh, Emma you have really made a mess, haven’t you? See when you were brought to the hospital and they noticed all the bruises on you they call people. People like social services and that is a pain for me.” He leaned in closer to whisper in my ear. “How many people need to die before you learn your place.”

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See my father had killed before. More than once in fact and it was all to keep me in check. Once when I was nine or so I wandered away from my father in the store for a minute. The second I saw someone who worked at the store I asked them to help me. They led me to the small office and told me they would call the police. My father found us somehow and beat the woman unconscious before she could even leave the

room. I don’t actually know if she died but I never saw her again anytime we went back to that store.

My father continuing to go there told me that she was either dead or hadn’t reported the assault. I tried one other time to ask someone for help and my father choked the man right in front of me and left the guy in an alley for someone else to find. My father was untouchable because he had the money and status to

get out of anything. At least that is how it seemed. He would talk and brag about all the things he had done and will do that could never be pinned on him. It made it clear to me that he was untouchable, and that was probably why he didn’t bother hiding such things from me.

After he killed that man in front of me I gave up trying to get away and resigned myself to the fact that I would never escape. My father was a monster of the worst kind and I was his blood which meant deep down a little bit of that monster lived in me too. I never sought it out and I never looked for it but I always knew it was there.

My father pulled me from the hospital against the wishes of my doctors and dragged me home by my wrist. His tight hold caused my wounds to bleed again but he didn’t even notice. 3

“You are so stupid Emma. You just don’t learn. How many times do I need to remind you that you can’t escape me? Even death doesn’t want you!” He said with a sadistic laugh as we drove home, one hand tight on my thigh.

"It's not what you think!" I said trying to lessen the punishment I knew would be waiting for me. 2

When we got home we walked into the house in total silence and my father walked straight to the mini bar in the living room. I stood in front of the closed front door and watched him anxiously.

"You know, I had a very important meeting today with an investor. One I had to cut short because of your little stunt. It's a good thing that my reputation of success is well known and it didn't take much convincing to get them to agree. Of course, I had to sweeten the deal a little. So it's a good thing you didn't succeed this time because you are going to make daddy a lot of money." He looked at me over the rim of his glass and I shuddered at his words.

"What do you mean?" I hazard to ask.

He slowly lowered his now empty glass and smirked at me, and it was then I realized what he meant. I was

the thing to sweeten his deal and screwing up my attempt to get away had now left me bleeding in a lion's

den.

To my surprise, he turned around and walked to his office not saying another word to me. I stood in silent

shock for a few seconds before taking off as fast as I could to my room. It was one of the many times I

wished I could lock myself in my little sleep space, but with the lock being on the outside it wasn't

possible.

My father didn't come for me at all that night but the thought he might was enough to keep me from

sleeping. When morning came he called me down for breakfast, which had been a first. I didn't object to food when I could get it though, so I nervously walked downtown the stairs to meet him. When I made my

way down I heard the TV on and saw my father sitting on the couch with a drink in hand.

I stopped for a moment to glance at what my father was watching and what I saw caused the blood in my

veins to run cold.

“A body was found today...” The woman on the TV began to say but the rest was drowned out by the sound of my pounding panicked heart. 2

On the screen was a photo of the man who had brought me to the hospital. The one who had stood up to my dad and tried to protect me. The photo was a senior photo and he was smiling beautifully. He had a normal life before he found me, and now he was.....dead.

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“Looks like there was an accident. So young. It’s really too bad, don’t you think?” My father asked and I

turned to him and saw the coldness in his eyes and a smirk on his face.

I was never getting away, not without leaving a trail of bodies in my wake. People got hurt every time I

tried to get away and I couldn’t take that chance again. Never again.